

The Times-Dispatch

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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1913.

VISIT THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW.

Most everybody in Richmond ought to visit the Automobile Show at least once. We advise this, not because everybody in Richmond is going to buy a car, nor because we want to advertise the show, although we think it is well worth advertising, but because some idea of the place held by motor-propelled vehicles in modern life is part of a liberal education. In less than a score of years the automobile has been developed from a toy, that might at any moment explode, run away or balk, to a beautiful palace vehicle, perfectly safe and dependable, and luxurious to a degree. It fills a hundred social, commercial and professional purposes. It is used by women as easily as by men. It renders practical service to the farmer as well as to the urban dweller. As a means of rapid transportation and pleasant recreation, it is elemental in twentieth century civilization.

Children, women, mechanics, people who never expect to reach the proud state of automobile ownership, will find this exhibition a source of information and pleasure. They will feel a bigger pride in Richmond and realize more keenly the place the city holds in the mind of the automobile manufacturer. It will be a good advertisement for the city, and we trust the expected visitors from Virginia and the Carolinas may all come.

To the present and future owners of a car this show is naturally dedicated. They will reap the benefits of close study and comparative estimates of many makes. They will be filled full of bewildering information about full-flooding motors, choke-horse, seven-horse, self-stopping tonneaus, self-starters, self-stoppers, and cars wherein everything is done by electricity, even to jacking back at the traffic cones. The amount of information given out by the dealers will only be equaled by the amount of misinformation reported by roving men to credulous sweethearts. But the net result will be more motor cars in Richmond, better motor cars and a clearer understanding of the use and care of motors. In this day such things are important assets to a growing city.

The Times-Dispatch printed on Sunday an Automobile Supplement, which symbolizes much of the spirit of modern Richmond. It suggests some of the present perfection of the automobile. It suggests progress. It suggests that the future will be largely a motor age. With this hint we leave the rest to the flowers and music and glistering exhibits and eloquent talk of the First Annual Automobile Show.

CANDIDATES ON MERIT.
Minnesota's new primary law contains a provision which prohibits all activity on the part of candidates for office after the Saturday night prior to the Monday on which the election is held.

This is intended not only to put a stop to Sunday political conferences, but also to prohibit the worker at the polls, the use of automobiles or carriages on election day and other forms of activity directed to the manipulation of the voters at the time they should be giving careful and patriotic attention to the selection of their public servants.

Another feature of the new law provides for the publication of an official State campaign book in which each candidate can, free of cost, insert the reasons why he believes himself the most available and most promising candidate.

The operation of this statute will be watched with interest. Oregon already issues a State campaign book, but no State has yet prohibited working at the polls on election day. The value of the personal worker at the polling place can be estimated from the valuation experienced politicians put upon his influence. A personal worker is regarded as good for five to fifteen votes, which would mean thousands of votes in any election. Eliminate them from an organization perfected by a candidate, and the people would no doubt vote upon original impulse, but it would be seriously detrimental to aspirants for office. Iowa prohibits candidates from hiring paid workers to attend the polls. The State campaign book would save enormous postage bills.

All of these regulations are expressive of an effort to relieve the electorate of the pressure of influence not based upon the conviction of the superior claims of respective candidates. The theory is coming to be that the voter should look over the field and select his candidate without personal solicitation on the part of the candidate or his friends. Why should a candidate be elected because he has time or ability to create an organization, is personally popular, and the workers at the polls happen to espouse him? Should not his claim to preference be based wholly on his record for probity, his intelligence and his guaranty of good public service? That would cause the voter to inquire, and the result would be the selection

of candidates on merit without personal consideration.

A LITTLE ACORN LIBRARY.
If it is impossible to have a big oak library in Richmond, we suggest that it is high time to plant the little acorn one from which the great tree may some day grow. The people of Richmond, including their representatives, are not awake to the necessity for a library because they do not appreciate exactly what a library may mean. Naturally, then, they are averse to expending some \$200,000 on the experiment. Yet they would probably be quite willing to appropriate a small sum annually for the support of what might be called a model free library—a library that will educate the people to the point of demanding something more. We suggest therefore that the various agencies working toward a public library concentrate their attention on this small, yet immediate and feasible, undertaking of securing a centrally located working public library.

Too much emphasis has been put upon the formal shell of the library and not upon the essential spirit. It is not a huge building, or a vast number of books that makes a library. It is a few good books, made efficient in the hearts and minds of the people under the fostering guidance of a trained librarian. A library is not a spectacular thing; it is no show place; it does not have to be advertised. Citizens visit a library not as a "stunt," but drawn by the deadly earnest desire for knowledge. Men and women and children use a library not as a luxury, but as a source of information, beauty, increased ability to earn a living, spiritual uplift and moral training. Once the real spirit of a library penetrates Richmond the question will no longer be: Shall we keep it alive? but how can we enlarge it fast enough to meet the people's demands?

The books and a method of finding where they are and what they contain—that is the library. It really doesn't need a house at all, save to keep the books in, and to furnish a room for readers. In St. Louis one branch of the public library is in a department store. The shopper can leave a card and a list of books at the desk when she begins hunting bargains, and the books will be waiting for her by the time she finishes. A public library means free books for the people. That is all, and that in a democracy is everything! If a small library now open could be taken over by the city and trained librarians secured at a good salary (and without hire there can be no library), a house rented where the books could be stored, a children's department and a reading room opened, and the issuing and cataloguing divisions housed, and the whole plant be put in control of a board composed of interested citizens and the city authorities—then we would have a library. The annual expenditure of \$15,000 would achieve this end.

To start this small model is all that is necessary. The children will learn to use it; workmen will learn that there is recreation and knowledge free; students will come seeking books; teachers will supplement their studies; and so in a year the acorn will take root and grow up irresistibly into the oak.

THE EASY HEAD THAT WEARS NO CROWN.

Perhaps no burden that Woodrow Wilson must bear for the next four years will be more irksome to his temper than the constant surveillance of secret service men. Since his election he has been guarded, and in the last few days the number of detectives has been doubled. They dwell in a little camp near his home where all comers can be viewed, and at no hour of the twenty-four is there a relaxation of watchfulness.

That such precautions are needed no one will deny, but to the academic democrat who puts his trust in principles and looks on violence as an assault on the very foundations of society, it must be trying to be hedged about by guards that save of old-time monarchies. We imagine that Mr. Wilson will be a President most difficult to nurse. Roosevelt was reckless, and so energetic that he sometimes left his retinue behind, but he was more or less reconciled to the theory of the protection. Mr. Wilson will hate it from the beginning. He will want solitude. He will desire a large amount both of simplicity and personal freedom. His shadows will make him gloomy in fact.

The detectives may interfere with democracy, but they must be a source of profound comfort to the chief democrat's family. Too little thought is wasted on the anxious hours that will be spent by his wife and children, filled with a vague dread that fanaticism has once more taken toll of the life that stands, not for itself, but representative of a whole people and ideal of government. We trust that these watchers may be for the next four years the cause of prevention to hold back even the hint of tragedy.

HOME RULE IN INDIANA.
Many of the local bills that congest the calendar of the General Assembly have to do with individual municipal problems. Legislative consideration of these measures is altogether unnecessary, and Indiana should turn over a new leaf and imitate the course followed by Virginia.

In that State, the smaller municipalities are divided on a basis of population into villages and townships. Only the largest are called cities. A general law clearly defines the privileges of each. When a community attains the necessary number of inhabitants to entitle it to the right of incorporation it gets a charter from a court, elects officers and proceeds to exercise the privileges and rights of a municipality. No legislative enactment is required. When its wealth and population entitle it to enter into the higher class of municipalities the law provides a simple method. In Virginia, the smallest village that desires incorporation must

be chartered by the General Assembly and the charter amended from time to time as necessity or the whim of the citizens demands. The enactment of such legislation consumes the time of the General Assembly and is a total waste.

One general law can cover such situations. The present method of settling such problems is antiquated and unwieldy. It is a burden upon the General Assembly, an expense and inconvenience to the people, in practically every case where a change is desired in this class of legislation. There is a local fight on the issue, and delegations representing each side make pilgrimages to the Capitol, and the matter is fought out at length in committee room. The need of an efficient general law is the reason for a wholly unnecessary lobby.

The General Assembly ought not to be bothered with municipal legislation. It has enough to do without that burden. Local self-government is the principle which ought to be used in such situations. City home rule is just as desirable as State home rule.

THE RELIGION OF THE PRESIDENTS.

An inquirer asks if there has been a Baptist President of the United States. There has not. There have been eight Episcopalians: Washington, Madison, Monroe, William Henry Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, Pierce and Arthur. There have been six Presbyterians: Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Lincoln, Cleveland, Harrison, and to these Woodrow Wilson must soon be added. There have been four Methodist chief magistrates: Johnson, Grant, Hayes, McKinley. Van Buren and Roosevelt were adherents of the Reformed Dutch Church. John and John Quincy Adams were Congregationalists. Fillmore and Taft were Unitarians. Garfield was a Disciple. Seven religious bodies have been represented by the twenty-six Presidents.

A GROWING REFORM.

Pennsylvania, heretofore lax in such a direction, has just begun a new and comprehensive program of road improvement. The task involves the building or improving of 8,000 miles of road, including virtually the entire system of State highways, all of which will hereafter be under the care and supervision of the State authorities. The last Legislature voted \$3,000,000 as the first outlay and approved the submission to the people of a proposed amendment, which would permit bond issues in the sum of \$50,000,000 for road construction purposes. It is expected that the issue will be authorized.

New York has voted a bond issue of \$50,000,000 for building county roads. California is spending \$20,000,000 for the same purpose, and Colorado is putting \$10,000,000 into improved thoroughfares.

Good roads benefit all the people of the State, and an efficient system of State aid is being established in most of the States.

THE GHOST OF HOPE.

Probably the most eagerly devoured news in the papers in the past weeks has not been the Mexican revolution, or the Scott tragedy, or the Balkan War, or even the political prospects of the new administration. The real news to millions of people has been the probable cause of the cure for tuberculosis announced by Dr. Friedmann. Victims, loved ones, physicians and philanthropists have waited eagerly for the sure results they hunger for in the heart. They have pursued this frail chance with trembling eagerness. A banker has offered \$1,000,000 for the proof that the cure is a success. His charity, as ever, begins in bitter personal knowledge. His son has been a victim of the White Death.

The best news that could ever be published in the papers would be that a certain cure for cancer and tuberculosis and certain specific diseases had been discovered. The rejoicing in burdened hearts would sound like a pean over the entire world. Yet thus far we have followed the ghost of hope. Dr. Friedmann has been discounted by an apparent desire to make a fortune out of his discovery—if he has one. The weary sufferers are again falling back on grim fighting, or black despair. The heart is sick with the long deferred hope. It will cast up a black account against this herald of health should he prove a charlatan.

Yet the real cure of tuberculosis remains with us always. Fresh air, good food, rest, proper care—these slow virtues will do much that we hope. Perhaps, after all, the self-sacrificing care and slow struggles do more for society than the speedy salvation offered for the asking.

Some folks think that taxation, even with representation, is tyranny.

Will they have a traffic cop at the Automobile Show?

There is a rumor abroad that there ain't goin' to be no Cabinet.

Every day is Fourth of July in Mexico.

Now is a good time to remember that the poor are with us always. The winter has been mild, but the epidemic of measles has been very hard on the family purse of thousands. The Associated Charities and the Salvation Army will be very grateful for gifts.

Somebody got the Ground Hog's goat.

The Suffragist Pilgrims must be more than human women or they would not let some of these pictures get out.

There is a strong hint of dollar diplomacy in the Mexican trouble.

If Teddy would drop the moose from his party he might be elected President of Mexico.

The issue in the railroad strike seems to be how to arbitrate on arbitration.

The Sundays of late certainly ought to make people glad they are alive.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

The Fussy Man.
Of all the bores that roam the earth we try to dodge whenever we can. The champion of the entire breed is simply dotes on housework and he is so tidy and so neat. A speck of dust upon the wall makes misery for him complete. He never fails to get out every morning at the break of dawn. Armed with a broom with which he sweeps the dust and dirt off from his lawn. A cobweb makes him shudder, and a misplaced chair just drives him mad. He never swears or smokes or chews, plays cards or does a thing that's bad.

He picks out all of his wife's gowns and tells her how to have them made. And he is most particular about the cut and fit and shade. He loves to fuss around with plants and is an expert in point lace. A raveling upon his coat is nothing short of a disgrace. He dotes on Mr. Edward Bok and Margaret Sangster and that ilk. And he can tell just by the feel the shoddy from the best of silk. He hangs around the kitchen and he passes out expert advice. On how to cook and how to serve and how to do the things up nice.

He writes a small and perfect hand. Spencerian in every way. Immaculate in his attire, he wears a new shirt every day. His manicuring is immense; he spends a lot of time at that. When he goes out he spends a half an hour in trying on his hat. No microbes ever get to him, he knows their little ways by heart. He is a sanitary fiend, and germs with him are as loathsome as dirt. Trot out your freckles and line 'em up and try to show us if you can. One who has got a thing upon that tireless pest, the fussy man.

Personal.

Mrs. F. G.—You ask us what to name the baby. Oh, it doesn't make much difference. We know a deck walloper over at Muskegon by the name of Percival and a poet by the name of Bushrod. It may be well to strike a happy medium and name him John. Then he will fit in anywhere. Give him a fancy middle name like Cuthbert or Algernon, so he can use it in case he goes good and goes into society. H. Cuthbert Jones, or better than that, Hank Jones, and T. Algernon Witherspoon looks mighty nice on an engraved calling card.

According to Uncle Abner.

The only person who ever had as weird an imagination as H. Rider Haggard is the one who named the Pullman cars.

The magazines apparently ain't goin' to be satisfied until they have every woman in this country makin' genuine antique furniture out of soap boxes and also arts and crafts cookin' utensils out of tomato cans.

The postmaster has issued orders that the patrons must not crack hickory nuts on the floor of the post-office this winter on account of the post-office dynamite he is going to carry.

A calf walked into the post-office during the absence of the postmaster the other day and chomped up a lot of mail that had come by parcel post. The postmaster is holding the calf until he gets orders from the government.

Discarded electric light globes are valuable. The air in them can be saved up and used for the inflation of automobiles.

There are believed to be no less than 100 oldest Odd-Fellows in this country.

Twelve personal body servants of the late George Washington died in Virginia in one week recently.

Patience will accomplish wonders in the training of dumb beasts. There is a farmer in Indiana who has four hoopsnakes trained to act as rubber tires on his buggy.

Pire of unknown origin started in Uncle Ezra Harkins' whiskers last Saturday afternoon, and the north side of them was almost entirely gone before the Wide Awake Hose Company got on the job. Uncle Ezra is very bitter in his criticism of the fire department for its tardy way of attending to business. There was no insurance.

The Indians were beaten out of their eyelids in a deal. Soon the only way an Indian was able to make an honest living was by posing in front of a cigar store, with a bunch of wooden cheroots in his hand.

The fellers who spend most of their time worryin' about the weather don't live in no brownstone fronts or ride around in no outboarders.

It takes a party smart feller to wear a red necktie and make people believe he is much of a business man.

Outside of gettin' your name spelled wrong in the newspaper after you have given \$1,000,000 to an orphan asylum, the most aggravatin' thing I know of is to get up a swell feed and find that your guest is a vegetarian.

When the fairies added music to the broods of the dell, they withkopt their soffer laughter. For thy lips, so sweet, Estelle.

When the angels, with their censpers, Light the starry vault, how well they bestow it radiance and glow. On thine eyes, so pure, Estelle.

When Aurora paints the dawning And the rose-tints brighter swell, She withdraws the purest blushes For thy cheeks, so fair, Estelle.

When that sculptor famed, of Melos, How in vain he sought perfection! For he knew thee not, Estelle.

O thy perfect grace, beloved, Thy smile, like moonlight, flows. But thy smile makes earth a heaven: And thy frown—makes heaven hell. Rice.

Lullaby.
(The Soul to the Body.)
Deep in the cradling ground Gently I lay thee down, Sleep soft, dear one, Agony tender breast, Thou hast been lulled to rest At set of sun.

Thou wilt not miss me now; Behind thee still, white brow There drifts a gleam Of which one watcheth nigh, Thou hast no dream.

Smiling, I loose my hold; Thou nestlest safe from cold In her fond care; A little while good-night! When comes the morning light, I'll wake thee there. MABEL BAIRD GOODE.

Boydton.

Old Folks' Remedy for Measles.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I have read upon several occasions that the measles are very prevalent in Richmond, and I often wonder if the physicians of this city in treating this disease prescribe that superb and infallible old-fashioned remedy known as "sheep nanite tea."

Richmond. OLD TIMER.

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and ASK CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

statues placed there are held in sacred memory by millions of people. Thousands of people every year stop to admire and to worship before them. Would it not be a vast pity, if not a desecration, to have them invaded by the constant clamor and turmoil of street car traffic?

The monuments are placed there to perpetuate the memory of our great heroes and to cause in the hearts of that spirit of reverence and admiration for all that is noble and greatest in human character, to have them overthrown, undertake to mar the effect?

The tracks alone would seriously mar the setting of the monument, either the lines and poles would be intolerable, badly interfering with that beautiful view of both the Stuart and the statues going up Franklin Street, the view of which we are so justly proud.

Surely transportation demands can be satisfied in some way without disturbing the quiet and dignity and majesty of the monument places. What do the Civic Improvement League and the Stuart Monument Association think of this movement?

It is stated that a hearing will be given to those opposed to the proposed street car line by the City Council, and it is hoped that it will be actively opposed by all who share the views of the writer.

No Railway on Park and Stuart Avenues or Around Stuart Monument.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:—It is possible that the City Council, the Street Committee and the Mayor of Richmond will allow an unsightly trolley car line the right of way around the Stuart Monument? If so, for what reason? Not that there is a demand or desire for a line by the residents of this section; on the other hand there is the greatest objection and opposition to it.

The promoters of this enterprise will urge that the car service will enable visitors to the city to see the monument. Monument Avenue is visited now by nearly every stranger who stops long enough to see the city. These persons naturally wishing to see the whole avenue and not only a small section of it, either walk or ride in automobiles or carriages. It will scarcely be worth while to surround the monument with poles and an overhead trolley system, and cause all property in this section to depreciate. In order that a few visitors to the city who might happen to pass that spot, should get a fleeting glimpse of the Stuart Monument.

The writer has talked with many of the residents of Park and Stuart Avenues, and the people are satisfied with the present service. It will be an outrage on the people who have bought valuable land there and have built themselves homes, if this road is forced on them.

The congregation of three churches will be disturbed in their services if this route is allowed, as every one knows who has experienced it that it is absolutely impossible to hear anything when a car is passing. One of these churches, the German Lutheran, worshipped for years in a church, which the cars ran. As soon as they found it possible they moved from that place, bought their present expensive building, and the congregation of the Lutheran church, one of the most beautiful churches in the city, they did not dream for a moment that such a spot, rendered sacred by the statue of the immortal Stuart, they would ever again be subjected to the intolerable noise of street cars.

The writer puts this question to any or every fair-minded member of the City Council. Should any company or corporation be granted a franchise which will cause a great part of the most valuable property in the city to depreciate 25 or 30 per cent? Should the city, by necessary public works, be obliged to damage the property of its citizens, they indemnify the owner, or the Richmond and Henrico Railway Company does not propose to indemnify the property owners on Park and Stuart Avenues for the depreciation in their property which it will cause? Surely follow the building of this proposed road as the day follows the night.

A determined fight should be made now and kept up against the granting of this franchise. Every resident of Park and Stuart Avenues is earnestly urged to watch the newspapers for the meetings of Council and committee on this matter, and attend these meetings. Let us depend on some other man to carry it through.

Any single resident of Park or Stuart Avenue fails to go to these meetings and oppose this measure, let him remember that it takes very little sometimes to turn the scale, and his individual presence and expressed opposition.

The first meeting of the committee to which the public will be admitted will take place at the City Hall on Wednesday, February 19.

A RESIDENT OF PARK AVENUE.

Ver Admit.
Ver admit, I am canorin:
Touch my harp, O' lather!
Let me sing a song forever
Of a maiden fair—Estelle.

When the fairies added music to the broods of the dell, they withkopt their soffer laughter. For thy lips, so sweet, Estelle.

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SHIRT SLEEVE DIPLOMACY.

By John T. McCutcheon.

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THE WORLD AT LARGE

Views of the Virginia Editors

The Fairy Stones of Patrick.
Mrs. L. A. Wright, of Richmond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Merchant, of this place, exhibited to the journal's representative, when in Manassas Sunday, what is known as a "Patrick County Fairy Stone," which she has had mounted and is wearing as a "neck-charm."

These stones are in the shape of a perfectly cut Maltese cross of a very fine grain brownstone formation, and are found only in Patrick County, this State, where they come from the ground in the exact shape and polish in which they are mounted and worn as charms.

They are found in clusters of a dozen or more, embedded in chunks of rock. Scientists have not yet seen able to determine what caused the peculiar formation of these "Fairy Stones" and why they are only found in one particular locality.

An old legend tells that the fairies were having a dance when they heard of the crucifixion of Christ and that their tears of grief formed these strange little crosses. John Fox, Jr., the noted author, in his explanation of the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" has had luck at it.

During the recent convention of Governors in Richmond, Governor Mann presented each Governor with one of these Old Dominion novelties and also sent one to Woodrow Wilson with his compliments during his campaign for the presidency.—Manassas Journal.

Optimistic.

Richmond is an optimistic old town. It now seems pleased that everybody up there has the measles.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

Followed the Hounds.

On election day the writer and Mr. Joe Dempsey made arrangements for a fox hunt the following morning. Mr. Dempsey came down as arranged, but the writer did not appear. After much trailing and beating the brush, the writer succeeded in getting up a large gray about 2:30 P. M.

After an exciting chase of one hour and forty minutes, we captured his majesty on Mr. Hilldrup's farm. Will Burke secured the brush, seeing Dan and Lil when they overtook him. Our party was joined by those of Will Burke, Bill Fritch, Jim Gower, Dabney Taliaferro and Wisor Young. All of these gentlemen have fine dogs, doing honest running, and sticking to the trail.—Arlach correspondent, Fredericksburg Journal.

Not as Important as It Seems.

Every man talks in an important way about his mail. He has to go often for his mail, hates to go away because it is a bill and two circulars advertising a mining scheme. If he chances to be at home when he opens it, "hush," "our wife," all the children, "don't disturb father while he's reading his mail."—Northumberland Echo.

The Supreme Winesap.

A citizen of the South, now taking in the delights of winter in Florida, the land of fruit and flowers, writes that he wouldn't give the Southside Virginia winesap for all the orange groves of the Southern States. And I "told him so" before he went there. The winesap in perfection is supreme.—Farmville correspondent, James River Clarion.

A Step Downward.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch presented some rather startling pictures last Sunday of the new dance—"The One Step"—which incline us to think it might properly be designated as the first step in immorality.—Hamilton Enterprise.

The Principal Question.